As heaven had lent her all his grace:
with whom the Father liking tooke,
And her to inceſt did provoke:
Bad childe, worſe father, to entice his owne.
To evill ſhould be done by none:
But cuſtome, what they did begin,
Was with long uſe, accounted no ſinne,
The beauty of this ſinfull Dame,
Made many Princes thether frame,
To ſeeke her as a bed-fellow,
In marriage pleaſures, play-fellow:
Which to prevent he made a Law,
To keepe her ſtill, and men in awe,
That who ſo askt her for his wife,
His Riddle told not, loſt his life:
So for her many of weight did die,
As yon grim lookes do teſtifie.
What enſues to the judgement of your eye,
I give my cauſe, who beſt can juſtifie. *Exit.*

Enter Antiochus, Prince Pericles, and followers.

Ant. Yong Prince of *Tyre*, you have at large received
The danger of the taske you under-take.

Per. I have (*Antiochus*) and with a ſoule emboldned
With the glory of her praiſe, thinke death no hazard,
In this enterprize.

Ant. Muſicke bring in our daughter, cloathed like a bride
For embracements, even of *Iove* himſelfe;
At whoſe conception, till *Lucina* reigned,
Nature this dowry gave, to glad her preſence,
The Senate houſe of Planets all did ſit,
To knit in her their beſt perfections.

Enter Antiochus Daughter.

Per. See where ſhe comes, appareld like the Spring,
Graces her ſubjects, and her thoughts the King,
Of every vertue gives renowne to men:

Her

Her face the booke of praiſes, where is read,
Nothing but curious pleaſures, as from thence,
Sorrow were ever rackt, and teſty wrath
Could never be her milde companion.
You gods that made me man, and ſway in love,
That have enflam'd deſire in my breſt,
To taſte the fruit of yon celeſtiall tree,
(Or die in the adventure) be my helpes,
As I am ſonne and ſervant to your will,
To compaſſe ſuch a bondleſſe happineſſe.

Anti. Prince *Pericles*.

Per. That would be ſonne to great *Antiochus*.

Anti. Before thee ſtands this faire *Heſperides*,
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be toucht:
For death like Dragons here affright thee hard,
Her face like heaven, enticeth thee to view
Her countleſſe glory, which deſert muſt gaine:
And which without deſert, becauſe thine eye
Preſumes to reach, all the whole heape muſt die,
Yon ſometimes famous Princes like thy ſelfe,
Drawne by report, adventurous by deſire,
Tell thee with ſpeechleſſe tongues, and ſemblance pale,
That without covering, ſave yon field of ſtarres,
Here they ſtand martyrs, ſlaine in *Cupids* warres:
And with dead cheekes adviſe thee to deſiſt,
For going on deaths net, whom none reſiſt.

Per. Antiochus I thanke thee, who hath taught
My fraile mortality to know it ſelfe,
And by thoſe fearefull objects to prepare
This body, like to them, to what I muſt:
For death remembred, ſhould be like a Myrrour,
Who tels us life's but breath, to truſt it error:
Ile make my will then, and as ſicke men doe,
Who know the world, ſee heaven, but feeling woe,
Gripe not at earthly joyes, as erſt they did;
So I bequeathe a happy peace to you,
And all good men, as every Prince ſhould do:

My